NUMB. CL.

The GUARDIAN.

Accipiat ſanè mercedem ſanguinis, & ſic
Palleat, ut nudis preſſit qui calcibus anguem. Juv.

Thurſday, September 3. 1713.

To the GUARDIAN.

Old NESTOR,

'I Believe you diſtance me not ſo much in Years 'as in Wiſdom, and therefore ſince you have 'gained ſo deſerved a Reputation, I beg 'your Aſſiſtance in correcting the Manners 'of an untoward Lad, who perhaps may liſten 'to your Admonitions, ſooner than to all the 'ſevere Checks, and grave Reproofs of a Father. 'Without any longer Preamble, you muſt know, 'Sir, that about two Years ago, *Jack* my eldeſt Son 'and Heir was ſent up to *London*, to be admitted of 'the *Temple*, not ſo much with a View of his Stu-'dying the Law, as a deſire to improve his Breeding. 'This was done out of Complaiſance to a Couſin of 'his, an Airy Lady, who was continually teizing 'me, that the Boy would ſhoot up into a meer Coun-'try Booby, if he did not ſee a little of the World. 'She her ſelf was bred chiefly in Town, and ſince 'ſhe was married into the Country, neither looks, 'nor talks, nor dreſſes like any of her Neighbours, 'and is grown the Admiration of every one but 'her Husband. The latter End of laſt Month 'ſome important Buſineſs called me up to Town, 'and the firſt thing I did, the next Morning about 'ten, was to pay a Viſit to my Son at his Cham-'bers; but as I began to knock at the Door, I was 'interrupted by the Bed-maker in the Stair-caſe, 'who told me her Maſter ſeldom roſe till about 'twelve, and about one I might be ſure to find 'him drinking Tea. I bid her ſomewhat haſtily 'hold her prating, and open the Door, which ac-'cordingly ſhe did. The firſt thing I obſerved up-'on the Table was the ſecret Amours of —— and 'by it ſtood a Box of Pills; on a Chair lay a Snuff-'Box with a Fan half broke, and on the Floor a 'Pair of Foils. Having ſeen this Furniture I 'entered his Bed-Chamber, not without ſome Noiſe, 'whereupon he began to ſwear at his Bed-maker '(as he thought) for diſturbing him ſo ſoon, and 'was turning about for the other Nap, when he 'diſcover'd ſuch a thin, pale, ſickly Viſage, that 'had I not heard his Voice, I ſhould never have 'gueſſed him to have been my Son. How diffe-'rent was this Countenance from that ruddy, hale 'Complexion, which he had at parting with me 'from home! After I had wak'd him, he gave me 'to underſtand, that he was but lately recover'd 'out of a violent Feaver, and the Reaſon why he did 'not acquaint me with it was, leaſt the melancholy 'News might occaſion too many Tears among his 'Relations, and be an unſupportable Grief to his Mo-'ther. To be ſhort with you, old NESTOR, I hurried 'my young Spark down into the Country along 'with me, and there am endeavovring to plump 'him up, ſo as to be no Diſgrace to his Pedigree: for I 'aſſure you it was never known in the Memory 'of Man, that any one of the Family of the *Ring-*

'*woods*

(Price Two Pence.)

'*woods* ever fell into a Conſumption, except Mrs. '*Dorothy Ringwood*, who died a Maid at 45. In 'order to bring him to himſelf, and to be one of us 'again, I make him go to Bed at 10, and riſe half 'an Hour paſt 5; and when he is a puling for Bohea 'Tea and Cream, I place upon a Table a jolly 'piece of Cold Roaſt Beef, or well-powder'd Ham, 'and bid him eat and live; then take him into the 'Fields to obſerve the Reapers, how the Harveſt 'goes forwards. There is no body pleaſed with 'his preſent Conſtitution but his gay Coufin, who 'Spirits him up, and tells him he looks fair, and is 'grown well-ſhaped; but the honeſt Tenants ſhake 'their Heads and cry, Lack-a-Day, how thin is 'poor young Maſter fallen! The other Day, when 'I told him of it, he had the Impudence to reply, I 'hope, Sir, you would not have me as fat as 'Mr.—— Alas! what would then become of me? 'How would the Ladies piſh at ſuch a great mon-'ſtrous Thing?—If you are truly, what your Ti-'tle imports, a *Guardian*, pray Sir, be pleaſed to 'conſider, what a noble Generation muſt in all 'probability enſue from the Lives which the Town-'bred Gentlemen too often lead. A Friend of 'mine not long ago, as we were complaining of the 'Times, repeated two Stanza's out of my Lord '*Roſcommon*, which I think may here be applica-'ble.

'Twas not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with Punick *Blood the conquer'd Seas,*
And quaſh'd the ſtern Æacides:
Made the proud Aſian *Monarch feel,*
How weak his Gold was againſt Europe's *Steel,*
Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal *to yield,*
And won the long diſputed World at Zama's *fatal Field.*

But Soldiers of a ruſtick Mould,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the ſtubborn Ground,
Or thro' hew'n Woods their weighty Strokes did ſound,
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their Way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

Jonathan Ringwood.

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you, that while I waited 'in my Son's Anti-chamber, I found upon the Table 'the following Bill,

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
'Sold to Mr. *Jonathan Ringwood*, a plain Muſlin Head and Ruffles, with Colbertine Lace	1	18	6
'Six pair of white Kid Gloves for Madam *Salley*	0	14	0
'Three Handkerchiefs for Madam *Salley*	0	15	0
'For Mr. *Ringwood* three pair of Laced Shoes	3	00	0

'In his Chamber Window I ſaw his Shoemaker's 'Bill, with this remarkable Article,

'And in the Drawer of the Table were the two 'following Billets.

Mr. Ringwood,

'I deſire, that becauſe you are ſuch a Country 'Booby, that you forget the Uſe and Care of your 'Snuff-Box, you would not call me Thief. Pray 'ſee my Face no more.

Your abuſed Friend,
Sarah Gallopp.

'Under theſe Words my hopeful Heir had writ, '*Memorandum*, to ſend her Word I have found 'my Box, tho' I know ſhe has it.

Juſt Publiſh'd, (Printed in a neat Pocket Volume 12mo.)

The Third Edition of the Diſtreſt Mother, a Tragedy. Written by Mr. Phillips. Alſo, Turkiſh Tales, conſiſting of ſeveral Extraordinary Adventures, with the Hiſtory of the Sultaneſs of Perſia, and the Viziers. Both Printed for J. Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is Publiſhed,

The MASQUERADE. A Poem. Humbly Inſcribed to his Grace the Duke d'Aumount. Engliſh and French.

——Formamque novat; Vultumque Virilem
Induit —— Ovid. Metam.

Printed for Bernard Lintott between the two Temple Gates in Fleetſtreet. Price 4 d.

BEing diſappointed of a Place in the Coach to Littleberry, the famous Water-works of the late Ingenious Mr. Winſtanly will be Shown this Evening at 5 of the Clock, and no more this Seaſon, with the ſame Performance as was on Tueſday laſt, viz. ſeveral new Figures and Fountains will be added to the Sea Gods and Goddeſſes, &c. and the curious Barrel will be made a Tavern, entertaining the Pit and Boxes with 6 ſorts of Wine, Spaw-water and Biſcuits; then a Coffee-houſe, with a flying Cupid attending, who will preſent Coffee and Tea, and News Papers. Then the Head of the Barrel will be hanged looſe in the Air, playing of Water out of the top of it, and Clarret, Pale Ale, and Stout will be drawn out of ſeveral Cocks; there will be an Entertainment of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick; and Syrens Singing upon Rocks, who will vaniſh before a great Temp ſt of Thunder and Lightning, and Fire mingling with many Caſcades of Water, to the Expence of 800 Tuns extraordinary. Boxes 3 s. Pit 2 s. 6 d. Firſt Gallery 2 s. Upper Gallery 6 d. This is at the lower End of Piccadilly, towards Hide Park. Several new Curioſities are now at his Pam'd Houſe at Littleberry in Eſſex, on the Road to Sturbridge Fair, Barry, Newmarket, Cambridge, Norwich, Lynn and Yarmouth; and both are in the Poſſeſſion of his Widow, and are ſhown for her Benefit.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.